

## THE TRASHING OF THE DILDO

one week I had 6 different women in 6 different beds (I took a Thursday night off to rest up) and I only failed sexually one night, the last night of the week: it went down while I was in action. she took it personally. but being a heavy drinker and nearing my 60th birthday I was disappointed but not disheartened.

I am now down to one woman and I don't cheat on her. when you find you can get fucked easily you find you don't need to go about simply fucking women and using their toilets and their showers and their towels and their insides, their thoughts, their feelings.

I now have a nice garden outside. she planted it. I water it daily. potted plants hang from ropes. I am at peace. she stays 3 days a week then goes back to her house.

the mailman asks me, "hey, what happened to all your women? you used to have a couple of them sitting on your porch when I came by, real lookers ...."

"Sam," I tell him, "I was beginning to feel like a dildo ...."

the liquor delivery man comes by:  
"hey, man, where are all the broads?  
you're alone tonight ...."

"all the more to drink,  
Ernie ...."

I've done the town, I've drunk the city, I've fucked the country, I've pissed on the universe.  
there's little left to do but consolidate and ease out.

I have a nice garden, I have a lovely woman.  
I no longer feel like a dildo. I feel like a man. it feels much better, it does. don't worry about me.